

Vassar
Sunday

My dear Carrie,

I wanted to write to you at Galveston last Sunday but thought you would be home before my letter could reach you. [?] I am so sorry I did not, for you could have received it. You are having a such a good time that [?] even this will find you still at the island city. Won't Austin seem quiet after [?] about so much!

Last night we had our monthly class sociable. It was very fine. There were some scenes from Blue Beard, very nicely gotten up and pretty well acted. Then we had Cinderella preformed. I wish you could have seen the fairy godmother. She was a little person with very black hair and eyes. Her dress was a short black one over scarlet leggings and she wore slippers with great big red bows. The cape was a very high pointed one with considerable red on it. She carried a little wand and wore a broomstick in the most comical manner. The transfiguration of Cinderella was laughable for when the godmother touched her with her wand her dress did not fall off immediately as it should, but it took some time to unbutton it.

Some time ago the Sophomore crowned their "Trig". Of course we were invited and what is more, enjoyed the presences exceedingly. We were feasted upon cake and lemonade. Some of the toasts were very good. They would not be interesting though to any one who did not understand the points alluded to. Even in the hymn of creating to us they were as a little hit upon the subject we thought of going our first Freshman essay, "As you like it." But I think our class gave the longest toasts. I will enclose the program me. Saturday I received a letter from Susie Townsend, She seems to think they will all go back to Texas next fall. Lucy Bell graduates in May. How I wish I could.

I am painting a little view of the view. It is a large cliff with the water dashing up around it. I believe it is taken somewhere near Newport. Did you ever read "Stepping Heavenward"? It is a beautiful book and I wish you would read it. I have begun "My wife and I" but think it is not at all interesting. Perhaps I have not gone far enough for everybody seems to like it. Washington's birthday, which was also Miss Leerys, was of course a holiday and a very pleasant one. We had an unusually good dinner for one thing. Then Miss Leery gave a recitation in the College Parlor in the evening. The President's parlor was also [?] and they seem so homelike. Some of the girls played the piano and sang and two read to us. There were pictures and pretty things to look at and the time seemed very short until 9 o'clock when we all went into the dining room and were served ice cream and cake. After that we adjourned to our rooms and to bed.

And now goodbye.

Your sister